Blair 362

THE

CELTIC LYRE:

A COLLECTION OF

GAELIC SONGS, WITH ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS.

By FIONN.

PART IV—PRICE SIXPENCE.

MUSIC IN BOTH NOTATIONS.

EDINBURGH: JOHN GRANT.
GLASGOW: HENRY WHYTE. | OBAN: HUGH MACDONALD.

1898.

CONTENTS OF PART I.

Muile nam mór-bheann—Mull of the Bens.
A' ghruagach dhonn—Brown-haired nymph.
A' chruinneag Ileach—The Islay maiden.
Bidh mi ga d' chaoidh—I'll sorrow for thee.
Mo rùn geal, dìleas—My faithful fair one.
Mo bheannachd ort, a Mhàiri—My blessings on thee, Mary.
Moladh na Landaidh—The praise of Islay.
Tha mo rùn air a' ghille—I dearly lo'e the laddie.
Gur moch rìn mi dùsgadh—I early awoke.
Gun chrodh gun aighean—The tocherless lass.
Fear a' bhàta—The boatman.
An ribhinn donn—The auburn maid.
Tuireadh—Lament
Oran mulaid—A song of grief.
Dealachadh leannain—A lover's parting.
Is toigh leam a' Ghaidhealtachd—I love the Highlands
An ribhinn àluinn—The charming maiden.
Mo nighean chruinn, donn—My neat auburn maid.
A' Chuairt-shamhraidh—The summer ramble.
Seònaid a' chùil réidh—Jessie I loved well.

CONTENTS OF PART II.

Leis an Lurgainn—With the Lurgainn.
Soiridh !—Farewell !
Clachan Ghlinn-da ruail—Clachan Glen-da-ruel.
An Gaidheal 's a leannan—The Gael and his Sweetheart.
Gur trom, trom mo cheum—Heavy-hearted I mourn.
C'àite 'n caidil an ribhinn ?—Where sleepest thou, my Dearie
Mo nighean donn bhòidheach—My Brown-haired Maiden.
Dùthaich nan craobh—The Land of the Trees.
Màiri bhòidheach—Pretty Mary.
Am fleasgach donn—The Brown-haired Lad.
Soiridh slàn le Fionn-airidh—Farewell to Fiunary
Dh' fhalbh mo leannan fhéin !—My own dear one's gone !
An-t-Eilean Muileach—The Isle of Mull.
An cluinn thu 'leannain !—O hear me, love hear me !
Mo chailin donn, òg—By Bonnie Brown Maid.
Allt-an-t-siùcair—The Sugar-brook.

CONTENTS OF PART III.

A' mhaighdean àluinn—The peerless maiden.
Na làithean a dh'aom—The gay days of yore.
Oigfhear a chùil-dualaich—Laddie with the golden hair.
Am Fonn—The Melody.
Ealaidh ghaoil—A Melody of Love.
Gabhaidh sinn an rathad-mór—We will take the highway.
O, till, a leannain—Return my darling.
Màiri laghach—Winsome Mary.
Mo chailin dìleas donn—My faithful auburn maid.
Fuadach nan Gàidheal—The dispersion of the Highlanders.
A' ghruagach bhanail—The blythesome lassie.
Cruachan-Beann—Cruachan Ben.
Gille mo luaidh—The lad I love well.
Eilidh Bhàn—Ailie Bain.
Mo nighean donn—My brown maid.
Eilean an Fhraoich—The Isle of the Heather.

CONTENTS OF PART IV.

Cagaran gaolach—Hush ye, my bairnie.
Eilean a' cheò—The Isle of Mist.
Mo nighean dubh—My black-haired maid.
An cóineachan—A Fairy lullaby.
Crodh Chailein—Colin's Cattle.
Cuir a chinn dìlis—Fairest and dearest.
Do'n Chuthaig—The Cuckoo.
Mo Dhachaidh—My ain house.
Ailean Muideartach—Allan, Laird o' Moidart.
'S fheudar dhomh 'bhi togail orm—I maun rise an gang awa.
Maraiche nan tonn—The Sailor laddie.
Iorram—A boat song.
Mo shùil a'd' dhéigh—For thee I sigh.
'Toirt m' aghaidh ri Diùra—Lang lookin' tae Jura.
Gaol an t-seòladair—The Sailor's love.
An t-òigear uallach—The gay young laddie.

THE CELTIC LYRE.

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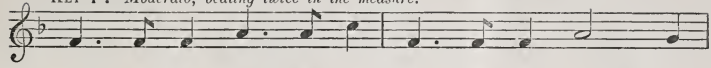
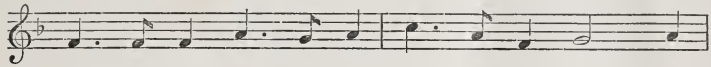
can now be had

53—CAGARAN GAOLACH—HUSH YE, MY BAIRNIE.

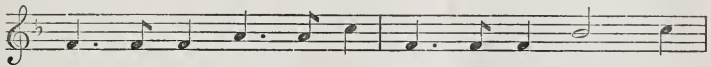
KEY F. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*



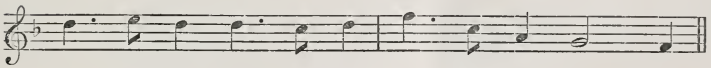
d :- .d :d | m :- .m :s | d :- .d :d | m :- :r
Cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an, cag - ar - an gaol - ach,
Hush ye, my bairn - ie, my bon - nie wee lad - die,



d :- .d :d | m :- .r :m | s :- .m :d | r :- :m
Cag - ar - an fogh - ainteach, fear de mo dhaoin - e,
When ye're a man ye shall fol - low yer dad - die;



d :- .d :d | m :- .m :s | d :- .d :d | f :- :s
Goid - idh e gobh - ar dhomh, goid - idh e caoir - ich;
Lift me a coo, and a goat, and a we - ther,



l :- .t :l | l :- .s :l | d' :- .s :m | r :- :d ||
Goid - idh e cap - ull 'us mart o na raoin - tean.
Bring - ing them] hame tae yer min - nie the - gi - - ther.

Cagaran laghach thu, cagaran caomh thu,
Cagaran odhar, na cluinneam do chaoine;
Goididh e gobhar 'us goididh e caoirich,
Goididh e sithionn o fhireach an aonaich.

Dean an cadalan 's dùin do shùilean;
Dean an cadalan beag ann mo sgùrdaich;
Rinn thu an cadalan, 's dhùin do shùilean,
Rinn thu an cadalan, slàn gu'n dùisg thu.

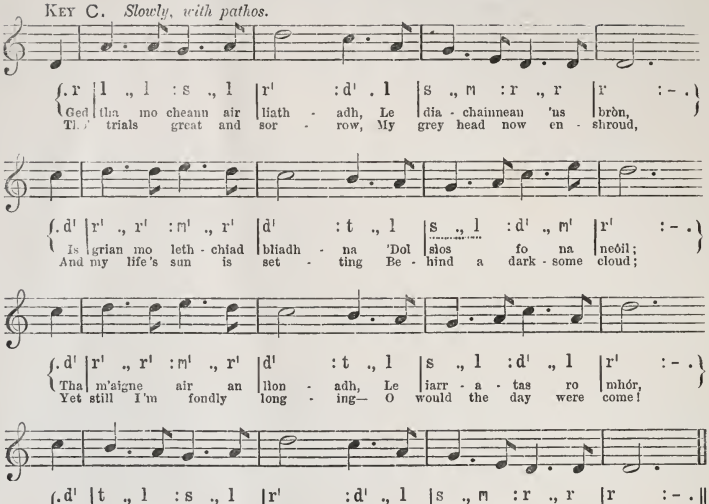
Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee lammie;
Routh o' guid things ye shall bring tae yer mammie;
Hare frae the meadow, and deer frae the mountain,
Grouse frae the muirlan', and trout frae the fountain.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee dearie;
Sleep! come and close the een, heavy and wearie;
Closed are the wearie een, rest ye are takin'—
Soun' be yer sleepin', and bright be yer wakin'.

Gaelic words old. Fragment of an old Lochaber lullaby. Translation by M. MACFARLANE.

54—EILEAN A' CHEO—THE ISLE OF MIST.

KEY C. *Slowly, with pathos.*



Tha còrr 's dà fhichead bliadhna,
Bho'n thriall mi ás ga m' dheòin,
'S a chuir mi slos mo llon
Ann am miadhon baile-mòir;
'Us ged a fhuair mi iasgair
A lion mo thigh le stòr,
Cha d' dhi-chuimhnich mi riamh
Eilean Sgiathanach a' cheò.

Ach có aig a bheil cluasan,
No cridh tha gluasad beò,
Nach seinneadh leam an duan so
M' an truaigh a thàinig òirnn?
Na miltean a chaidh fhuadach,
A' toirt uath an cuid 's an còir,
A' smaointinn thar nan cuantan
Gu Eilean uaine 'cheò.

Beannachd leibh, a chàirdean,
Anns gach ceàrn tha fo na neòil,
Gach mac 'us nighean màthar,
A Eilean àrd a' cheò;
Is cuimhnichidh sibh Màiri,
'Nuair bhios i cnàmh fo'n fhòid—
'Se na dh'fhuiling mi de thàmailt
A thug mo bhàrdachd beò.

'Tis forty years and more now,
Since out from home I set,
And in the city's waters
Cast forth my fishing net.
And though I got a fisher
To fill my house with store;
Yet still I ne'er forgot thee,
My island home of yore.

All who have ears to hear it,
Or tongues the tale to tell,
Come join with me in singing
The woes that us befell;
How thousands of our people
From hill and glen were torn,
And far across the ocean
From their loved isle were borne.

Farewell, dear friends and kinsfolk,
Wherever you may roam,
Both young and old, in exile,
Far from your island home;
And O, remember Mary,
When laid her sires among;
'Twas cruel wrong and sorrow
First wak'd her soul to song.

Gaelic Words by Mrs MARY MACPHERSON. (Màiri, nighean Iain Bhàin). Translation by ROBERT FERGUSON.

55—MO NIGHEAN DUBH—MY BLACK-HAIRED MAID.

KEY F. *Moderato.*

SEISD. Mo nighean dubh, tha bòidheach dubh, Mo nighean dubh, na tréig mi;
CHORUS. My black-haired maid, so leal and true, My darling, do not leave me;

FINE.

Ged theireadh càch gu bheil thu dubh, Cho gheal 's an gruth leam féin thu.
Though black thy hair, a fairer hue I would not have, be - lieve me

Do shùilean mar na dearcagan, Do ghruaidh air dhath na céire,
Thy cheeks are waxen red and fair, Thy shining eyes are clearest,

D.C.

Tha cùl do chinn air dhreachan fhithich 'S gràdh mo chridhe féin thu.
Be - neath thy waving raven hair—My heart is thine, my dear - est.

Sùil chorrach, ghorm fo chaol mhala
Bho'n tig an sealladh éibhinn,
Mar dhealt camhanaich 'san earrach,
'S mar dhriùchd meala céitein,
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Tha 'falt dubh dualach, trom neo-luaidhte,
'N ceangal sguaib air m' euchdaig;
Gur bòidheach e mu d' chluasaibh
'Us cha mheas' an cuailein bréid e.
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Is olc a rinn do chàirdean orm,
Is rinn iad pàirt ort féin deth,
'Nuair chuir iad ás an dùthaich thu,
'S mi 'n dùil gu'n dèanainn feum duit.
Mo nighean dubh, &c.

Thy large blue eyes, so mild and bright,
Beneath their lashes beaming,
Like lucid dew-drops when the light
Of morn is o'er them streaming.
My black-haired maid, &c.

Thy glossy tresses from their snood
In waving fold unbraided,
Thou could'st not have a richer hood,
Or be more neatly shaded.
My black-haired maid, &c.

'Tis for the love I bear to thee—
A love with sorrow laden—
That thou art banished far from me,
My bonnie black-haired maiden.
My black-haired maid, &c.

Gaelic words by Rev. Dr. IRVINE, Little Dunkeld. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

56—AN COINEACHAN—A FAIRY LULLABY.

KEY B♭. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

SEISD. Hó - bhan, hó - bhan Goiridh òg O, Goiridh òg, O, Goiridh òg, O;

CHORUS. Hó - van, hó - van, Gorry òg O, Gorry òg, O, Gorry òg, O;

Hó - bhan, hó - bhan, Goiridh òg O, Gu'n d'fhalbh mo ghaol 's gu'n d'fhàg e mi.

Hó - van, hó - van, Gorry òg O, I've lost my dar - ling ba - by, O!

Dh' fhàg mi 'n so 'na shìneadh e,
'Na shìneadh e, 'na shìneadh e;
Gu'n d'fhàg mi 'n so 'na shìneadh e
'Nuair dh'fhalbh mi 'bhuain nam braoileagan.

I left my darling lying here,
A-lying here, a-lying here;
I left my darling lying here,
To go and gather blaeberries.

Fhuair mi lorg an dobhrain duinn,
An dobhrain duinn, an dobhrain duinn,
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg an dobhrain duinn;
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!

I've found the wee brown otter's track,
The otter's track, the otter's track;
I've found the wee brown otter's track,
But ne'er a trace of baby, O!

Fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
Na h-eal' air an t-snàmh, na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg na h-eal' air an t-snàmh,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!

I found the track of the swan on the lake,
The swan on the lake, the swan on the lake;
I found the track of the swan on the lake,
But not the track of baby, O!

Fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,
An laoigh bhric dheirg, an laoigh bhric dheirg;
Gu'n d'fhuair mi lorg an laoigh bhric dheirg,
'S cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain!

I found the track of the yellow fawn,
The yellow fawn, the yellow fawn;
I found the track of the yellow fawn,
But could not trace my baby, O!

Fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 'sa' bheinn,
A' cheò 'sa' bheinn, a' cheò 'sa' bheinn;
Ged fhuair mi lorg a' cheò 'sa' bheinn
Cha d'fhuair mi lorg mo chóineachain.

I found the trail of the mountain mist,
The mountain mist, the mountain mist;
I found the trail of the mountain mist,
But ne'er a trace of baby, O!

Gaelic words old. Sung by a mother whose child was stolen by the fairies. Translation by L. MACBEAN.

57—CRODH CHAILEIN—COLIN'S CATTLE.

KEY E. *Moderato, with expression.*

KEY E.

f: d .r | m : m : s | m .r : d : d .r | m : s : d' | l : - }
Crodh Chailein mo chridh - e, Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Cro Challain would gie me Sae cannie and free

f: s .f | m : s : m | r : m : d' .l | s : m : r | d : - ||
Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein Dhomh bainn' air an fhraoch.
Their milk on the hill - tap When nane's bye tae see.

SEISD. CHORUS.

f: s .l | d' : d' : r' | d' : l : s .l | d' : r' : d' .l | d' : - }
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe, Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Cro - Challain are bonnie, Cro - Challain are braw;

f: d .r | m : r : d | r : m : d' .l | s : m : r | d : - ||
Crodh ciar - dubh, breac, ballach, Air dhath na circ fhraoich.
Like the wing o' the muir - hen Brown spotted an' a'.

Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh bainne gu leòir,
Air mullach a' mhunaidh,
Gun duine 'nar còir.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Crodh llonadh nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.

Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh bainn' air an raon,
Gun chuman gun bhnarach,
Gun luaircean, gun laogh.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil,
Gu h-eutrom 'san eadradh
A' beadradh ri 'n laoigh.

Gu bheil sac air mo chridhe,
'S tric snidh air mo ghruaidh,
Agus smuairean air m'aigne
Chum an cadal so bhuam.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Crodh ciar-dubh, breac, ballach
Air dhath na circ-fhraoich.

Cha chaidil, cha chaidil,
Cha chaidil mi uair,
Cha chaidil mi idir,
Gus an till na bheil uam.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil;
Crodh llonadh nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.

Their milk they will gi'e me
Sae cannie and free,
A' our lane on the hill-tap
Whaur nane's bye tae see.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain are dear;
Sae gran' at the milkin'!
Siccan calves as they rear!

Cro-Challain wad gi'e me,
Wherever they browse,
Their milk without fetter,
Among the green knowes.
Cro-Challain sae cannie,
In the heat o' the day,
They lie 'mang the heather,
While their calves round them play

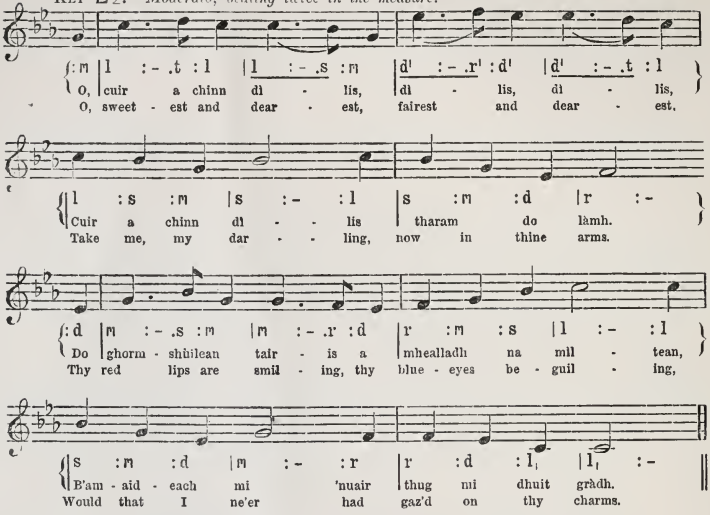
There's a load on my bosom;
There's a tear in my ee;
I am wae and forfochten;
There's nae sleepin' for me.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain are braw;
Like the wing o' the muir-hen,
Brown spotted an' a'.

Nae sleepin', nae sleepin',
Nae sleepin' for me;
Till they come that I 'm seekin',
I maun ne'er close an ee.
Cro-Challain sae bonnie,
Cro-Challain sae dear
They aye fill the milk-pail—
What braw calves they rear!

Gaelic words old. Translation by C. M. P.

58—CUIR A CHINN DILIS—FAIREST AND DEAREST.

KEY E♭. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*



Rinn deisead do phearsa,
Nach facas a thuairmeas,
'G iomachd fo'n chuach-chùl camagach tlàth,
Rinn dealradh do mhaise,
'Us lasadh do ghruaidhean
Mise 'ghrad-bhualadh thairis gu làr.

Do dhearc-shùilean glana
Fo mhala gun ghruaimean,
'S daingean a bhuail iad mise le d'ghràdh;
Do ròs-bhilean tana,
Sèimh, farasda, suairce—
Cladhaichear m' uaigh mur glac thu mo làmh.

Thoir fuasgladh air m' anam
O'n cheangal a's cruaidhe;
Cuimhnich air t' uaisle, 's cobhair mo chàs;
No biodhams' a'm' thràill dhuit
Gu bràth o an uair so;
Tiomaich o chruas do chridhe gu tlàths.

Cha 'n fhaodar leam cadal,
Air leabaidh an uaigneas,
'S m' aigne 'gam bhuaireadh a dh' oidhche 'sa là;
Ach ainnir a's binne,
'S a's grinne, 's a's suairce,
Gabhsa dhiom truas 'us bithidh mi slàn.

Thy beauty and brightness
And lightness in going,
Under the bonnie brown waves of thy hair,
Thy lips red and luscious,
And blushes bright glowing,
Smote me with love and sweetest despair.

Thy blue eyes soft beaming
And gleaming, my treasure,
Lips like the rose in the dew of the morn,
With passions have filled me,
And thrilled me with pleasure;
Death is my doom if I suffer their scorn.

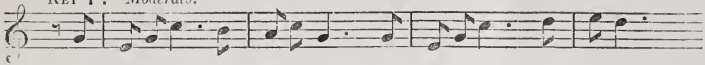
Thy charms are ensnaring,
Despairing I languish;
Free me—remember how noble thou art;
No longer enslave me,
But save me from anguish;
Love, sweetest love—let it soften thine heart.

For me there 's no sleeping,
But weeping grief-laden,
Midnight and morn with sorrow I dwell;
But oh! should my sweetest
And neatest young maiden
Pity and love me, soon I 'd be well,

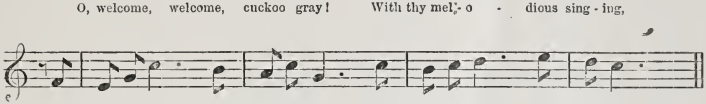
Gaelic words old. Translation by L. MACREAN

59—DO'N CHUTHAIG—THE CUCKOO.

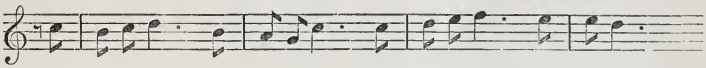
KEY F. *Moderato.*



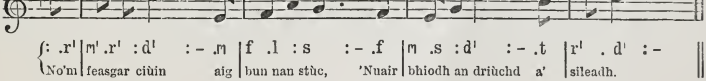
{: .s | m .s : d' : - .t | l .d' : s : - .s | m .s : d' : - .r' | m' . r' : - }
O, fàilt ort fhéin, a chuthag ghorm, Le d' òran ceòl - mhor mil - is!
O, welcome, welcome, cuckoo gray! With thy mel - o - dious sing - ing,



{: .f | m .s : d' : - .t | l .d' : s : - .d' | t .d' : r' : - .m' | r' . d' : - ||
'Se seirm do bheòil 'sa Chéitean òg, A thogadh bròn o m' chridhe.
Thy tuneful note in youthful May A balm for sor - row bringing.



{: .d' | t .d' : r' : - .t | l .s : d' : - .d' | r' .m' : f' : - .m' | m' . r' : - }
'S ro- bhinn leam t'fhuaim 'sa mhaduinn Chéit, 'S tu air bhàrr géig 'san inn - is;
On branch-top perched at rosy dawn, How sweet to hear thee call - ing;



{: .r' | m' .r' : d' : - .m | f .l : s : - .f | m .s : d' : - .t | r' . d' : - ||
No'm feasgar ciùin aig bun nan stùc, 'Nuair bhiodh an driùchd a' sileadh.
Or at still eve on jutting crag, When soft the dew is fall - ing.

O, innis c'àit an robh do thriall
'Nuair bha na siantan fionnar;
No 'n robh thu 'd thosd gun chàil gun toirt
An còs a' chnoic fo dhubhar?
'S mor m' fharmad riut, a chuthag chòir,
Cha dean thu bròn 'nad shiubhal,
'Chionn tha do dhoire daonnan gorm,
'S do chrìdh' an còmhnuidh subhach.

Ged theicheas tu roimh 'n fhuachd air àm,
Gu'n faic do ghleann thu rithis,
Ach 'n uair bheir mise ris mo chùl,
Cha bhi mo dhùil ri tilleadh;
Is truagh nach b'urrainn domh leat triall
Air astar sgiath 'nar dithis,
Le caismeachd bhinn 'toirt fios gach àm
'Nuair bhiodh an samhradh 'tighinn.

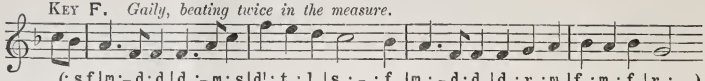
Oh, say where to thy journey tends,
When storms on summer follow?
Or art thou silent, snug at ease,
Hid in some shady hollow?
Beloved bird, I envy thee,
Thou bring'st no sorrow tearful,
For as thy grove is ever green,
Thy heart is ever cheerful.

Though winter drives thee south away,
Again thy glen shall hear thee;
But when I go no gladsome hope
Of coming back shall cheer me.
Oh, that afar we journey might
On winged flight together!
With welcome note to warn the land
Of coming summer weather.

Gaelic words by the late Dr. MACLACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by FINDLAY MACRAE, M.A., Glasgow.

60—MO DHACHAIDH—MY AIN HOUSE.

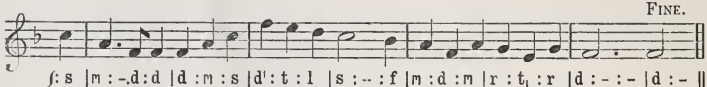
KEY F. *Gaily, beating twice in the measure.*



SEISD. Seinn hìribh o hiùiribh o hngaibh o hì, So agaibh an obair bheir togail fo m' chrìdh,

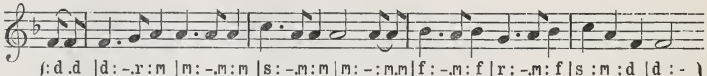
CHORUS. Sing cheerilie, couthilie, cantie and free, O, this is the hour o' sweet solace to me,

FINE.



Bhì stiùradh mo chasan do m' dhachaidh bhig fhìn, Air crìochnachadh saothair an là dhomh.

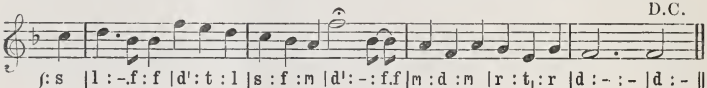
When wearied wi' toilin' out owre the green lea, I toddle wi' glee to my ain house.



RANN. Rachadh treun fhir an cein an deigh sonais us gloir, 'S na poiteirean gorach 'nan toir do'n tigh - osd;

VERSE. The sodger may hie to a far foreign shore, The toper delight in the ale-house to roar,

D.C.



Biodh spìocairean crìonda 'gan iarraidh 'san òr, Gheibh mise làn - shòlas 'nam fhàrd - alch.

The miser may revel in countin' his store, I ha'e pleasures galore in my ain house.

Seall thall thar an aiseig am fasgadh nan craobh,
Am bothan beag glan ud, 's e gealaicht' le aol;
Sud agaibh mo dhachaidh: 's i dachaidh mo ghaoil,
Gun chaisteal 'san t-saoghal a 's feàrr leam.

Tha maise an àite ag àrdach' a luach;
Tha'n t-sòbhrag 's an neòinean a'còmhdach nam bruach;
Tha toman 'ga dhìonadh o shìon an taobh-tuaith;
'S mu 'n cuairt air tha chuanagan àilliidh.

Tha Nàdur 'san àit' ud a ghnàth 'cur ri ceòl—
Mur e 'n smeòrach 'san duilleach 's e 'n uiseag 'sna neòil;
No caochan an fhuarain a' gluasad troimh 'n lòn;
No Mòrag ri crònan do 'n phàisde.

Mo dhùrachd 's mo bheannachd dhuit, bheanag na loinn,
Tha frithealʼ mu m' fhàrdaich 's ag àrach' mo chloinn;
Do chridhe 's do nàdur gun àrdan, gun fhoill,
Ach caoinihneas a' boillsgeadh 'nad bhlàth-shuil.

Air ciaradh do 'n fheasgar 's mi seasgair fo dhìon.
Mu 'n cuairt air a' chagailt bidh aighear gun dìth,
Na pàisdean ri àbhachd 's am màthair ri suiomh,
'S mo chridh-s' air a lionadh le gràdh dhoibh.

Air falbh uam a' mhòr-chuis, an t-òr agus clìù;
Cha 'n 'eil amta ach faoineas 'us saobh-ghlòir nach fhiù;
Cha 'n fhàgainn mo dhachaidh 's bean-chagair mo rùin
Gu bhì 'scalbhachadh lùchairt le bànrigh'nn.

Ayont by the ferry, whaur woodlands are green,
My cantie cot housie stan's tidy an' clean;
I envy nae laird in his castle, I ween,
I'm happy an' bien in my ain house.

My cosy bit biggin' it's dear abune a',
Surrounded wi' daisies an' primroses braw,
The hillock ahint it's a bield frae the snaw
When winter win's blaw roun' my ain house.

Kind nature has scattered her gifts through the glen,
The lark is in tune as he soun's his refrain;
My wife hears the croon o' the burn in the den,
As she lilts to the wean in our ain house.

My blessin' gae wi' ye, fond wifie o' mine,
The star o' my hame since I wooed ye langsyne,
Yer leal heart wad never to envy incline;
Ye 're cantie an' kin' in yer ain house.

At fa' o' the gloamin' when darkness is near,
Our hearth is surrounded wi' daffin' and cheer.
The bairnies are singin' sae lichtsome an' clear,
They 're pleasant to hear in our ain house.

Awa' wi' yer riches an' rank, wi' their glare,
They 're naethin' but folly an' phantoms o' air;
The ha' o' the Queen an' the luxuries there
Can never compare wi' my ain house.

Gaelic words by M. MACFARLANE. Translation by ALEX. STEWART, Polmont.

61—AILEAN MUIDEARTACH—ALLAN, LAIRD O' MOIDART.

KEY G. *With spirit.*

SEISD. Tha tigh'nn fodham, fodham, fodh'm, Tha tigh'nn fodham, fodham, fod'hm;
CHORUS. Come and merrie, merrie be, Come and merrie, merrie be,

FINE.

Tha tigh'nn fodham, fodham, fodh'm, Tha tigh'nn fodham, éir - igh.
Come and sing a - lang wi' me Of Al - lan, Laird o' Moi - dart.

RANN. O sud an t-slàinte chùr - a - mach, Ol - am - aid gu sunndach i,
VERSE. Come, fill up a' yer glasses, O, And let na care op - press us, O,

D.C.

Deoch- slàinte Ailein Mhùideartaich, Mo dhùrachd dhuit gu'n éir - ich.
But drink this toast, "Guid bless us a' And keep the Laird o' Moi - dart."

'Us ged a bhiodh tu fada bhuam,
Gu'n éireadh sunnd 'us aigne orm
'Nuair chluinninn sgeul a b' aite leam
Air gaisgeach nan gnlomh euchdach.

Gur sgiobair ri là gaillinn thu
A sheòladh cuan nam marannan,
A bheireadh long gu calachan
Le spionnadh glac do threun-fhear.

Tha sgeul beag eil' a dhearbhadh leat,
Gur sealgair sithne 'n garbhlaich thu,
Le d' chuilbhear caol nach dearmadach
Air dearg-ghreidh nan ceann eutrom.

B'e sud an leóghann aigeannach—
'Nuair nochdadh tu do bhaidealan,
Làmh dhearg 'us long, 'us bradanan,—
'Nuair lasadh meamn 'nad eudann.

Thae times when he was far awa'
Across the seas at war, an' a',
His fame for deeds o' daurin' O,
Was ringing a' thro' Moidart.

His was the skill o' sailin', O;
When tempests were prevailin' O,
And waves the bark assailin', O,
He steered us safe tae Moidart.

He hunted aye sae keenly, O,
And brocht down aye sae cleanly, O,
The stags and hinds sae queenly, O,
Amang the wilds o' Moidart.

When he spread forth his pennon, O,
Abune his warlike men an' a',
His foes were dauntit, kennin' a'
The red-hand badge o' Moidart.

Gaelic words by JOHN MACDONALD (IAIN MAC DHUGHAILL 'IC LACHLAINN). Translation by M. MACFARLANE.

62—'S FHEUDAR DHOMH 'BHI TOGAIL ORM—I MAUN RISE AND GANG AWA.

KEY A. *Moderato.*

SEISD. r .,d :l₁ .d | l₁ .,f₁ :s₁ | l₁ .d :r .m | s .,f :m
'S fheudar dhomh 'bhi togail orm, Fuireachd cha dean feum ach falbh,
CHORUS. I maun rise and gang a - wa Owre the hills and far a - wa,

FINE.

r .,d :l₁ .d | l₁ .,f₁ :s₁ .,l₁ | d :s .,m | m .,r .- :d
'S fheudar dhomh 'bhi togail orm A dhìr - eadh nam fuar - bheann.
I maun rise and gang a - wa, Since gane is my Ma - ry.

RANN. s .,s :d .,d | m .,f :s .,f | m .m :r .r | m .s :l .,s
VERSE. 'Rì! gur mise 'tha fo bhrôn dheth Air an tulaich so 'nam ònar;
On the knowe a - lane I'm ly - in', Wist - ful - ly the o - cean eyein';

D.C.

s .,f :m .m | r .,r :d .,d | r .r :m .s | f .,m .- :r
Fàth mo mhulaid thu bhi pòisde Og-bhean a' chùil dual - aich.
Sick and sad at heart I'm sigh - in' For my faithless Ma - ry.

Do na h-Innsean 's tric a sheòl mi,
'S anns gach caladh tha mi eòlach;
Té ni coimeas riut am bòidhchead,
Gus a so cha d' fhuair mi.

Ach cha'mhaise 'rùin, 's cha bhòidhchead
A chuir mi cho mòr an tòir ort;
'S e mi bhi riut tric a' còmhhradh,
'S eòlach air do ghluasad.

'N uair chi mi 'n gleann 'san robh sinn còmhla
'Buain nan sòbhraichean 's nan neòinean,
'S sinn le chéile aotrom gòrach,—
Ruithidh deòir ri m' ghruaidhean.

Dh'fhàg thu mise 'n so gu brònach,
H-uile latha o'n a sheòl thu,
'S ged a théid mi 'measg nan òighean
Bith'dh mo chòmhradh fuar leò.

Ach c'uinie 'm bithinnse fo smalan,
'Us mo lìontan air a' chladach,
'S iasg cho math an grunnd na mara
'S a thàinig riamh an uachdar.

I ha'e been tae mony places,
I ha'e seen fu' mony faces;
Never sic a wealth o' graces
As belang'd tae Mary.

'Twasna beauty a'thegither
Made me prize her 'bune a' ither;
But sae aft 's I did forgather
Wi' my lang-lo'ed Mary.

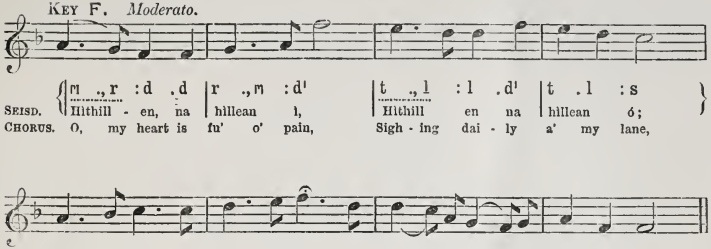
'Neath my view the glen reposes,
Whaur I 've aften fashioned posies
O' its daisies and primroses
For my charmin' Mary.

But her leavin 's left me tearfu',
O' the future doubtfu', fearfu';
Mang the lasses nae mair cheerfu'
As I was wi' Mary.

But why should I be now despairin'
And my sorrows thus be airin',
When there 's tae be had for spierin'
Quite as guid as Mary.

Gaelic Words from Fionn's *Celtic Garland.* Translation by M. MACFARLANE.

63—MARAICHE NAN TONN—THE SAILOR LADDIE.



Tha mi 'n so mar dhruid an crann,
An déigh a cuid eun a chall;
Seacharan air dol a'm' cheann,
'S ged thig an t-àm cha chaidil mi.

'Thasgaidh mo chridhe 'us mo chléibh,
Chuireadh tu air feadan gleus;
Dhànnsadh tu air ùrlar réidh
Gu lùghor eutrom, aighearach.

Dh' fhàg thu mise dubhach, trom,
'S thaobh thu crannagan nan long;
Ged a bhiodh do phòca lom,
Gun nì gun fhonn gu'n gabhainn thu.

'S e mo cheisd fear a' chùil bhàin;
B 'aotrom do cheum air sràid;
O'n a chaidh thu null thar sàil'
Tha mi o'n là sin acanach.

Fhuair mi do litir a nall,
Air a sgrìobhadh leis a' pheann,
Thàin' an Nollaig 's dh' fhalbh an t-àm
O'n gheall thu tighinn a'm' amharc-sa.

Tha mi gun airgiod 'us gun òr,—
Cha 'n e so a rinn mo leòn,
Ach nach fhaic mi thu ri m' bheò
A seòladh taobh an fhearainn so.

Like the mavis on the thorn,
Wi' her offspring frae her torn,
Here I 'm sittin' a' forlorn,
Lamentin' sair my laddie O!

O, my love is young and gay,
He can dance and he can play,
So he wiled my heart away—
My rantin' sailor laddie O!

He has left me sad and drear,
Since he sailed awa' frae here,
Still my choice, tho' lackin' gear,
Wad be my sailor laddie O!

He is young and he is fair,
Wi' a wealth o' gouden hair;
O, it pains the heart fu' sair,
The absence o' my laddie O!

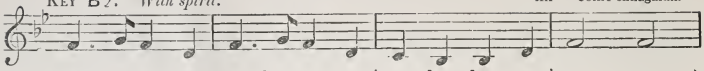
Once you wrote me, weel I min',
That you 'd come and mak' me thine,
But the time has gane langsyne,
Yet nae words o' my laddie O!

Goud an' siller I ha'e nane,
'Tis na that that gi'es me pain,
But that I shall ne'er again
Behold my sailor laddie O!

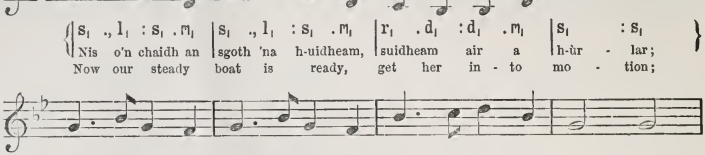
Gaelic words old. Translation by Fionn.

64—IORRAM—A BOAT SONG.

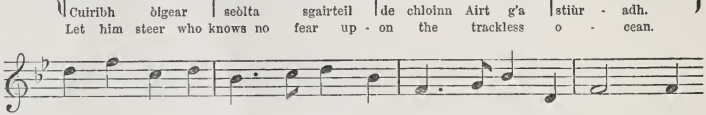
KEY B♭. *With spirit.* Air—"Coille-chnagaidh."



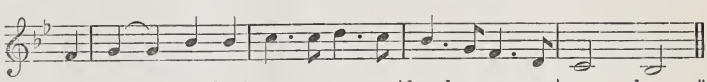
{s, ., l, : s, . m, | s, ., l, : s, . m, | r, . d, : d, . m, | s, : s, }
Nis o'n chaidh an sgoth 'na h-uidheam, suidheam air a h-ùr - lar;
Now our steady boat is ready, get her in - to mo - tion;



{l, ., d : l, . s, | l, ., d : l, . s, | d ., r : m . d | l, : l, }
Cuiribh òigear seòlta sgairteil de chloinn Airt g'a stiùr - adh.
Let him steer who knows no fear up - on the trackless o - cean.



{m . s : r . m | d ., r : m . d | s, ., l, : d . m, | s, : s, . }
Nall am botul; lìon an cop - an; ol - am - aid le dùr - achd:
Fetch the cup and fill it up, un - to this toast res - pond - ing:



{. s, | l, . l, : d . d | r ., r : m ., r | d ., l, : s, ., m, | r, : d, ‖
Deoch slàin - te gach creutair bochd, tha'n dìngh fo sprochd 'san dùthaich.
The health of all both great and small, now hope - less - ly des - pond - ing.

Siùdaibh 'illean, càiribh rithe.
Bithibh cridheil, sunndach;
Thugaibh làmh gu h-ealamh, dàn'
Air cur an àird a siùil rithe;
Na biodh cùram oirbh, no eagal;
Seasamaid ar cùrsa;
Ruigidh sinn gu cala sàbhailt',
Ged is dàn an ionnsaidh.

Chaidh sinn seachad air a' Ghràtair
Ged a b' àrd a bhùraich;
Ged a bha Bun-dubh cho gàbhaidh
Ràinig sinn a nunn air;
'Dol seachad Sòi, Ri! bu mhór
An crònan bh'aig na sùighean;
'Se mo ghràdh an stiùradh grinn
Nach leigeadh mill g'ar n-ionnsaidh.

Nunn do Mhuile, nunn do Mhuile,
Nunn do Mhuile théid i;
Nunn do Mhuile air bàrr tuinne
Ged robh muir a' beucaich.
'S mi tha sunndach air a h-ùrlar
Air bàrr sùigh ag éirigh;
Mo ghràdh an fùblrach làidir, dhùbailt',
'S na fir lùthmhor ghleusda.

We'll merry be when out at sea,
We'll have a song from Rory;
Bear a hand, my gallant band,
To raise her canvas hoary.
Banish fear, our course is clear,
We'll proudly keep our bearing,
And safely land on yonder strand,
Although the feat be daring.

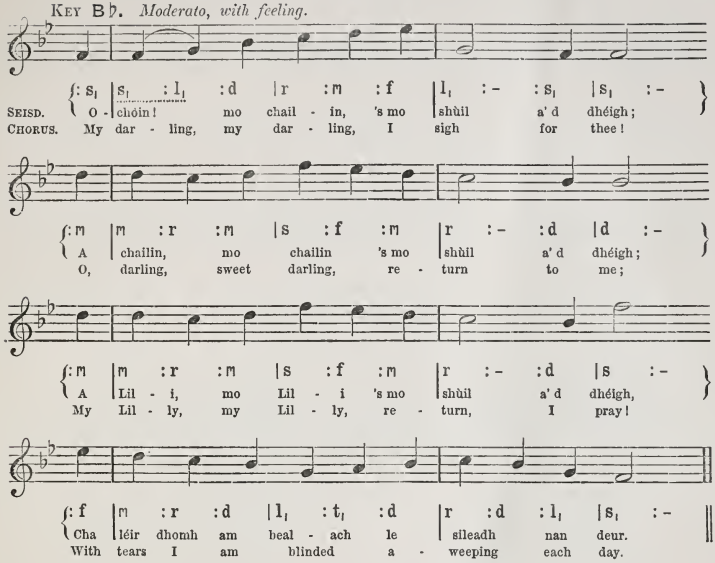
The waters poured, the tempest roared,
And dashing waves passed over,
When passing Soy, 'twas then my boy,
We bless'd the tidy "Rover";
With crew so brave upon the wave,
To fear I am a stranger;
I love the hand that can command
A boat amid such danger.

To Mull we go, to Mull we go,
That island worth adoring,
To Mull we go, though winds may blow,
And billows fierce be roaring;
'Mid flying foam I feel at home,
At sea I 'm in my glory.
Our crew and boat—the best afloat,—
Their name shall live in story!

Gaelic words by Dr. J. MACLACHLAN, Rahoy. Translation by FIONN.

65—MO SHUIL A'D DHEIGH—FOR THEE I SIGH.

KEY B♭. *Moderato, with feeling.*



Gun d'éirich mi mochthra maduinn an dé,
'S gu'n ghèarr mi'n ear-thalmhainn do bhrìgh mo sgéil;
An dùil gu'm faicinnse rùn mo chléibh;
Ochôin! gu'm facas, 's a cùlaobh rium féin.

Na'm bithcadh sud agam mo lùgh 's mo leum,
Mi'm shuidhe aig bealach, 's mo chù air éill,
Gu'n deanainn-sa cogadh gu làidir treun
Mu'n leiginn mo leannan le fear tha fo'n ghréin.

'S ann ormsa tha 'm mulad 's am fiabhrus mòr,
O'n chualas gu'n deach' thu le Brian òg;
Mo chomunn cha dean mi ri mnaoi 's an fheòil,
O'n rinn thu mo thréigsinn, 's mi fhéin a bhi beô.

O! cha'n'eil uiseag 's na speuraibh àrd,
No eun anns an doire d'am b'eòl mo gràdh
Nach 'eil nis ri tuireadh a dh'oidhch' 's a là,
O'n chualas gu'n ghlacadh mo chailin air laimh.

Yesterday morning, at dawn of day,
I pulled the yarrow with heart so gay,
Expecting my sweetheart to pass that way,
I saw her—but, wae's me, she turned away.

If I had the strength of my early days,
When lightly I followed with hound the chase,
I'd fight with the bravest and lay him low,
Before my true love with another should go.

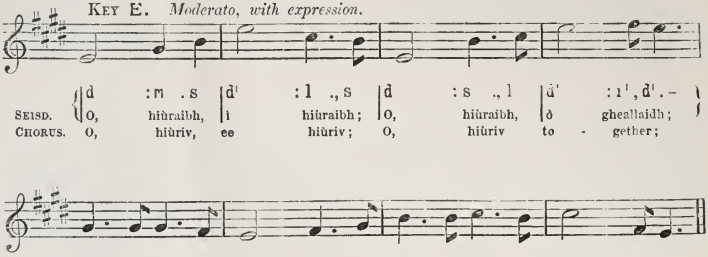
My heart is a-breaking, I sigh alone,
Since off with young Brian my love has gone.
I'll ne'er love another, I vow and swear,
Since thou hast refusèd my heart's love to share.

The birds that were merry in yonder grove,
Where oft with my sweetheart I used to rove,
O'ershaded with sorrow, now sing their lay,
Since she to another is wedded to-day.

Gaelic words from *The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*. Translation by FIONN.

66—'TOIRT M' AGHAIDH RI DIURA—LANG LOOKIN' TAE JURA.

KEY E. *Moderato, with expression.*



'Toirt m' aghaidh ri Diùra,
'S mo chùl ri Port-Ascaig,
Shil gu frasach mo shùilean,
'S gun mo dhùil ri tigh'nn dachaidh.

'Nuair chuir iad air bòrd thu
Air long nan trì chrannaibh,
'S iomadh té bha gu tùrsach,
'S deòir a' sruthadh gu talamh.

Bu tu leannan nan gruagach,
'S tu uasal 'us maiseach;
Gruaidhean meachair mar mhaighdeann,
Sùil an t-saighdeir fo d' mhalaidh.

Tha thu foghainteach, làidir;
Tha thu tàbhachdach, smearail;
'Dol an éideadh a' Ghaidheil,
Air an tràigh bu tu 'm meangan.

Gaol peathar, gaol bràthar,
Gaol màthar 'us athar;
An gaol a thug mi cha tréig mi
Gus an tèid mi 'san anart.

Lang lookin' tae Jura,
Port-Askaig behind me,
In my een the tears gathered
And to grief I resigned me.

When going aboard her,
The gallant three-masted,
Mony fond hearts were meltin',
Mony fond hopes were blasted.

Of gentles the flower;
Of maidens the darlin',
For yer cheeks they bloomed ruddy,
And yer ee it shone warlike.

Sae handsome, sae manly,
Sae smilin' and cheerie;
In the kilt and plaid lookin'
Even like a young hero.

Far dearer than faither,
Far dearer than mither,
Is tae me my braw laddie,
And I 'll fancy nae ither.

Gaelic words fron Sinclair's *Oranaiche.* Translation by M. MACFARLANE.

67—GAOL AN T-SEOLADAIR—THE SAILOR'S LOVE.

KEY G. *Moderato.*

Air feasgar samhraidh Sàbaid dhomh, S mí gabhail sràid leam fhéin,
One love - ly sum - mer ev - en - ing As in the fields I strayed,

Na smeòraich bha gu ceil - ear - ach, S iad àrd air bhàrr nan geug;
The mav - is, all mel - od - i - ous, A - mong the branch - es played;

Mi cuimhneach air an àrmunn ud A's àilliidh tha fo'n ghréin—
My thoughts were on the fair - est one On whom the sun e'er shone,

Nach truagh nach robh mi còmhla ris A' còmhradh greis leinn fhéin.
Oh, could I now but roam with thee A - mong the woods a - lone.

Tha m' athair us mo mhàthair,
'Us mo chairdean rium an gruaim;
'S ann tha gach aon diubh 'g ràdhainn
"Gu bràth an tig ort buaidh?
An di-chuimhnich thu 'ghòraiche
Eho d' óige 'thog thu suas?"
'S ann thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair
'Tha seòladh thar a' chuain!

Tha'r leam gur mi bha gòrach
'N uair a thòisich mi ri dàn;
Cha bhàrd a dheanadh òran mi,
'S cha chóir dhomh dol 'na dhàil:
Tha ni-eigiun air m' inntinn-sa
'S cha 'n fhaod mi luus' do chàch,
Gu 'n d'thug mi gaol do 'n t-seòladair
Air long nam mòr-chrann àrd.

Ach innsidh mise 'n fhìrinn duibh—
Mur bheil mo bharail faoin—
Tha gaol nam fear cho caochlaideach,
'S e 'seòladh mar a' ghaoith,
Mar dhrùchd air madainn Chéitein,
'S mar dheallt air bhàrr an fheòir;
Le teas na gréine éirigh e,
'S cha léir dhuinn e 'sna neòil.

Ma's nì e nach 'eil òrdaichte,
Gu 'n còmhlaich sinn gu bràth,
Mo dhùrachd thu bhi fallain,
'Us mo roghainn ort thar chàich!
Ma bhrist thu 'nis na cùmhnantan
'S nach cuimhne leat mar bha,
O, guidheam rogha céile dhuit
'Us laidhe 's éirigh slán!

My friends are with me angry;
My parents me despise,—
They say unto me constantly,
"Oh, wilt thou ne'er be wise?
Forget for aye the thoughtlessness
From youth that clung to thee,"—
Because I love the sailor lad
Who sails the stormy sea.

'Twas folly of me to begin
In rhyme to sound thy praise;
That I can claim no bardic fame
This effort now displays;
Although my heart is burdened sore,
To few I must confide
The love I bear the sailor lad
Who sails the rolling tide.

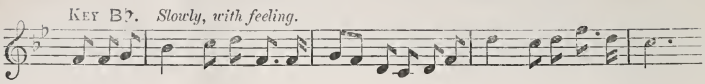
The truth to you I'll now unfold—
Oh, deem one not unkind!
The love of man unsettled is
And restless as the wind;
Like dew which falling in the night,
Or at the break of day,
Will rise before the noonday glare
And quickly pass away.

And if stern fate has ordered so
That we should meet no more,
And if by thee forgotten are
Our vows upon the shore;
I'll pray that health and happiness
May ever with thee stay,
A charming wife to comfort thee
And cheer thee on thy way.

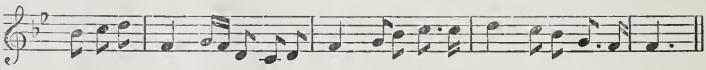
Gaelic words by JOHN MACLEAN, Skye. Translation by FIONN.

68—AN T-OIGEAR UALLACH—THE GAY YOUNG LADDIE.

KEY B♭. *Slowly, with feeling.*



.s, : s, .l, | d : r .m : s, .,s, | l, .s, : m, .r, : m, .s, | m : r .m : s .,m | r : - .
'Se'n t-ôigear uallach a sheôl thar chuan uainn Rinn m'fhagail truagh dheth 'sa luaisg mo chridh' ;
My gay young lad - die has cross'd the o - cean And left me lone - ly and sad at heart;



.d : r .m | s, : l,,s,.m, : r, .m, | s, : l, .d : r .,r | m : r .d : l, .,s, | s, : - .
A fhleasgaich uasail an leadain dualaich, Tha mi fo ghruaim o'n a dh'fhàgthu'n 'tir.
My gentle lad - die with dark hair flow - ing, For thee I 'm moan - ing since we did part.

Ged thig an samhradh le thrusgan greannar
A sgeadach' ghleann agus bheann le lìth,
Cha tog e fonn air mo chridhe trom-sa;
Tha 'n saoghal lom leam 's mo shonn a'm' dhìth.

Cha b' iouann m' àbhaist an uair bu ghnàth leam
Bhi 'n glaic mo ghràdhaich air sgàth na frìth!
An duilleach uaine 'na sgàil mu 'n cuairt duinn,
'S a thrusgan snuaghmhor mu bhruaich a' ghlinn.

An coireal ceòlmhor air feadh nan cròc-mheur,
'S an t-eas, gu bòidheach, a' dòrtadh still;
An crodh air àilean, 's an teas 'gan sàrach,
'S na laoigh le àilleas ri àbhachd dhuinn.

An t-ôigear dualach, 's a cheanu an cluain rium,
A' gabhail dhuanag á 'chuanal binn;
Treis eil' air brìodal gu milis mìogach,
'S mo chneas dluth-fhillte 'na mhìn-ghlaic ghrinn.

An sin b'e m' àilleas a' choill' 's na blàithean,
'S bhi 'tathaich fàsaich 'us sgàil na frith
Le m' òigear àluinn do 'n d'thug mi 'n gràdh sin
A dhùisg mo chràdh o'n a dh'fhàg e 'n tìr.

The summer comes with its verdant clothing,
And flow'rs bloom over each hill and glen;
And yet within me they wake but loathing,
For joy no more can the cold world lend.

It was not so, love, when I was folded
Full snug and cosy in thy embrace;
The green leaves spread their cool shadow o'er us,
While sunshine poured on the green brae face.

Among the branches the birds sang cheery;
The noisy fall of the stream poured down;
The cows were on the green meadows grazing,
Their calves were gaily sporting round.

'Twas then my laddie with dark hair flowing,
His song would pour in my ravish'd ear;
Or gently round me his fond arms throwing,
Would kiss me over and call me dear.

Then my delight was the sweet flow'rs blooming,
The heath'ry moor and the leafy dell;
My laddie near me to cheer my bosom:
Now all is gloomy since his farewell.

Gaelic words by JAMES MUNRO. Translation by C. M. P.

END OF VOL. I.

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